

BUSINESS CARDS.

O. P. MEAD, Real Estate Broker,  
19, Middlebury, Vt.  
E. E. SMITH, Attorney and Coun-  
sellor at Law. Office over Postoffice,  
Middlebury, Vt.  
W. W. THOMAS, Teacher of Vocal  
Music, Agent for Pianos and Organs,  
Middlebury, Vt.  
H. KINGSLEY & SON, Dentists,  
Over Stairs, Dr. W. W. THOMAS'S  
Office, Middlebury, Vt.  
W. W. RIDER, Attorney and Coun-  
sellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,  
26, 26a, Middlebury, Vt.  
SLADE & HARRIS,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Office, Brewster's Block,  
JAMES M. SLADE, JR., HENRY E. HARRIS.

JOHN W. CLARK,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.  
Office, Tuesday and Saturday, at Probate office,  
Middlebury. Residence, New Haven, Vt. 24

A. P. PUPPER, ATTORNEY AND  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN  
CHANCERY. Office over Postoffice,  
Middlebury, Vt.

W. J. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer  
in all kinds of American and Foreign  
Carriages, Groceries, &c. With Old Middlebury  
Marble Co. 16

E. GROVENOR,  
Agent for Walter A. Wood Machine, and  
also the Agent for Wood Machine. I have some 100  
of the best for sale. BRIDPORT, VT.

H. H. MAIRIN,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor  
in Chancery, Bristol, Vermont.  
Residence, H. H. Maier, Grandville, Hon. C.  
H. Maier, Hon. John W. Rowell.

J. P. HINCKLEY,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
2231, Office at Residence, Salisbury, Vt.

E. P. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician  
and Surgeon. Office at Dr. W. W. THOMAS'S  
Office. Office hours, A. M. 11 to 1, P. M. 6 to 8  
N. Y. W. W. unless previously arranged.

M. E. HALL,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
and Solicitor in Chancery.  
Office formerly occupied by Judge Pierpont on  
Green St., near corner of Main.  
12 VERMONT ST.

J. ASH DAVENPORT, Fire Insur-  
ance Agent, will write policies in the Farm,  
Marine and other companies represented by  
M. J. Flanders in Rutland.  
Also the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New  
York. Office at J. L. Flanders's Store. 49

H. TURRILL,  
DENTIST. Office hours 8  
to 12, a. m., 1 to 5, p. m.  
Residence, W. S. Hall, at Dr. W. W. THOMAS'S  
Office, Middlebury, Vermont.

NOTICE.  
The business of the Hingham Mechanical  
Company, heretofore transacted by V.  
W. Blanchard, is now being conducted by  
W. W. Blanchard, as partner, and will be  
continued by the undersigned under the  
same firm name.  
Middlebury, Vt., June 28, 1875.

L. R. SAYRE would inform the  
Batteries of Middlebury and vicinity,  
and especially his old customers that he will  
sell cash for Prime Butter at Beckwith & Co.'s  
Monday and Saturday hereafter, at the stand  
formerly occupied by R. T. Bittel.  
Middlebury, May 21, 1875. 10 cts

PERSONAL NOTICE.  
Notice is hereby given that all officers,  
soldiers and sailors, wounded, captured, or  
lost in the late rebellion, and whose names  
are entitled to a pension, and thousands of pensioners  
are entitled to an increased rate. Apply im-  
mediately through  
Late Surgeon, J. S. Navy.  
No. 4 New Chambers St., N. Y. 24-ly

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.  
Rutland, Vermont.  
ADEL E. LEAVESWORTH, A. M., PRINCIPAL,  
Assisted by Four Capable Graduates of Nor-  
mal Schools from all parts of the State.  
New Features for Fall Term, 1875. Capacity  
of building doubled. Model and Preparatory  
departments added.  
Fall Term opens fourth Tuesday in August.  
Spring Term, first Tuesday in February.  
Send For Catalogue.

BUSINESS.  
The Downer, Blaine & Allen mill will  
be in operation for sawing custom logs, at once,  
under the control of the new proprietors. Bring in  
your logs. The saw and the branch, continued  
with the mill, will also receive logs.  
MAINTAIN & TUPPER.  
December, 1874. 401

FOR SALE.  
My store and stock of goods, the barn and  
eighteen rods of land connected with the store,  
in the village of Brattleboro, are now offered for  
sale, cheap, for cash. The post-office is kept in  
the building and can be had, without doubt, by  
the purchaser. The saw and the branch, continued  
with the mill, will also receive logs. The  
railroad station, and there is little expense  
of transportation. HENRY JACKSON.  
Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 11, 1875. 22-4

FURNITURE REPAIRED.  
JOHN THOMPSON is now prepared to  
make a useful furniture in a substantial manner  
and at low prices. He flatters himself that with  
forty-five years experience he is able to place  
the most fashionable furniture in the hands of  
those who desire it. He is also prepared to  
do what he professes, W. W. Swiney and W. S.  
Goodrich. All orders promptly attended to.  
Shop in the middle of the street, between the  
store and the saw, and the branch, continued  
with the mill, will also receive logs. JOHN THOMPSON.  
Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 25, 1875. 25-3

ROYAL D. FAIR,  
EAST MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.  
IMPROVEMENT IN STEEL PIPE SHELVES.  
Patented April 20, 1875.

This shelf is made fast on the stove pipe, by a  
ball around the pipe and easily raised or lowered  
on the pipe as desired for convenience and is the  
CHEAPEST AND BEST SHELF IN USE.  
State, county and town rights for sale.  
Agent wanted to contract. 25-13w

WINDSOR COUNTY  
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.  
Woodstock, Vt., Oct. 27, 1875.  
At a regular meeting of the Directors, held  
May 29, 1875, it was voted that:  
"The Treasurer be instructed to pay all losses  
in sixty days from filing of claim in the office."  
All adjusted losses are treated as payable at the  
end of sixty days, without deduction for in-  
terest or future assessments.  
Yours respectfully,  
R. S. MATHIAS, Treasurer.

E. E. SMITH, Agent, Middlebury, Vt.  
33-3w

DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE FOR  
SALE.—The property situated on the  
corner of Sumner and High streets, in the  
village of Middlebury, and occupied by W. B. Nichols,  
deputy coroner, consists of two dwelling houses and  
a barn, and the lot upon which they stand, and is  
located in a pleasant section of the village. For  
terms inquire of  
JAMES M. SLADE.  
Middlebury, Vt., June 28, 1875. 161

True to the Last.

Age, they may condemn him,  
Yet so well know I,  
When the storm clouds are darkest,  
The truest hearts are true,  
When danger and death  
Are knocking at the door,  
My heart is unshaken,  
My love is true,  
A love deeper than mother's,  
That'll find mine for thee;  
And desert by others,  
Be dearer to me.

Oh! how little thou knowest  
The strength of that faith,  
Which the proud spirit possesseth,  
Through danger and death,  
In a nation of fortune,  
It hides from the world  
Its love, like the eagle,  
With proud pinions folded;  
But when the tempest  
O'er the world is loosed,  
Like the eagle it battles,  
And dies for its nest.

The French Protestants.

In the little Taubout chapel of the  
Rue de Provence, Paris, a gentleman oc-  
casionally preaches who is one of the most  
eloquent orators and one of the most  
scholarly divines of the French Reformed  
church—M. Edmond de Pressense. He  
is more than fifty years old, but his name  
has already been for a quarter of a cen-  
tury before the public in connection with  
his authorship of theological works. Born  
in 1824, he was educated first in Paris,  
then for three years at Lausanne, and  
afterward at the universities of Halle and  
Berlin. On his return to Paris he was  
ordained pastor at the Taubout chapel, and  
almost at once drew attention on him-  
self by his energy and the scholarly  
polish of his sermons. Of striking in-  
tellectual features, and endowed with a  
rich, full voice, he might be said to pos-  
sess the accessories which contribute  
most to success in the pulpit; but his  
success was not one of the ephemeral sort,  
which fashion makes and fashion can undo.  
Edmond de Pressense took a powerful  
hold of the minds of his congregation, and  
his work has been growing in strength  
year by year. Not very long ago, when  
he was five and twenty years of age, he was  
the most popular preacher of his church.  
For he is an earnest worker, and knows  
how to adapt his lessons to the events of  
the hour. The fault of Catholic preachers  
is that they live too much in the clouds,  
and think it derogatory to descend  
to earth and remark what is passing  
around them. When they do descend, under  
pressure of political religious storms,  
their speech is like a whirlwind, over-  
throwing and blasting all that is new, and  
consequently much of what is true. Plac-  
ing faith above reason, they deliver ser-  
mons which must not be argued against,  
but accepted whole, such as they are,  
because they have the dogma of infallibility  
behind them. No wonder that many  
Catholics, finding in these sermons of  
superstition and philosophy so little to  
guide them in the path of life and  
morals, should complain that religion is  
made hard for them and should, in de-  
spair, give up attempting to conform their  
lives to the precepts of Christianity. The  
Catholic, who is not very long ago, how-  
ever, who virtually believe in nothing,  
but who professedly remain within the  
pale of conformity, because it is the cor-  
rect thing to do.

French Protestants are almost all  
liberals in politics and devoted in reli-  
gion. They are a deeply respected com-  
munity; but they are not liked, and they  
live under great social and political dis-  
abilities such as not very long ago ham-  
pered dissenters in England. M. Guizot  
despised the Protestants, through a Protes-  
tant; but his religion was a great  
drawback to him and contributed not a  
little to widen the breach between Louis  
Philippe and the legitimists, who counted  
most on the episcopacy in their ranks.  
The fact is, that the French antipathy to-  
ward Protestants, being born of prejudice  
and misunderstanding, is almost impos-  
sible to smooth away. It is not a quarrel  
of sects as that between Anglicans and  
nonconformists. Leaving out of account  
the small minority of truly devout Catho-  
lics, who are not Protestants, and who are  
not in question for seeing custom logs, at once,  
under the control of the new proprietors. Bring in  
your logs. The saw and the branch, continued  
with the mill, will also receive logs. The  
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troop homeward with their stables—  
there you have a Protestant community.  
M. Edmond About is a pretty impartial  
writer, for he is able to bring to no  
church at all, and it is impossible to  
such testimony for an Englishman to  
avoid speculating as to what might have  
been the condition of France had the  
Huguenots triumphed in the religious  
war of the 16th century, and had Protes-  
tantism been at this hour the dominant  
faith of the country. One thing is fairly  
certain—namely, that the constitutional  
question would in such case have been  
settled long ago. It seems to be an im-  
mutable political law that wherever Catho-  
licism is supreme, despotism or anarchy  
is prevalent, whereas Protestantism  
settles down more or less easily to the  
use of freedom. Richelieu judged far-  
sightedly when he made war on the Protes-  
tants—not because they were heretics,  
for which he cared little, but because  
they were political reformers.

To return to M. de Pressense, who is  
one of the best types of a sect which may  
be called the chosen tribe of France. It  
was in 1849 that he published his first  
work, a collection of "Lectures on Chris-  
tianity in its Application to Social Ques-  
tions," and soon afterward he put forth  
another entitled "Catholicism in France."  
This work which summed up the fruits  
of Catholicism in the terms of a cen-  
tury, moral decadence, placed the au-  
thor on the highest rank as a controver-  
sialist, but stirred him up a host of  
enemies, who accused him of defaming  
the state church, and clamored that gov-  
ernment ought to prosecute him. Gov-  
ernment had the sense to leave him alone,  
and the learned pastor gave himself up to  
the composition of a "History of the First  
Three Centuries of the Christian Era."  
This book which the author himself trans-  
lated into German, earned the approval  
of all European savants, and is still con-  
sidered as a standard work of reference.  
Its style is clear and brilliant, erudition  
deep, and its accumulation of facts such  
as to form a popular store-house of infor-  
mation about the beginnings of Christian-  
ity. Encouraged by the success of this  
work, it was but natural that M. de Pres-  
sance should turn his mind toward the  
colossal controversy which M. Renan's  
"Life of Jesus" was just then exciting.  
He first launched a pamphlet in which he  
endeavored to demolish the outworks of  
M. Renan's theory, and then assailed the  
main citadel of the eminent skeptic's ar-  
gument with a counter "Life of Christ."  
This work would have made a great noise  
if it had been published in England, or had  
it been produced by a French Catholic's  
pen. As it was, the fact of the author's  
being a Protestant considerably restricted  
its circulation, although the late arch-  
bishop of Paris, Monsignor Darboy, by  
his honor, did the utmost to seal the merit  
of the work by publicly thanking the au-  
thor. From that moment M. de Pressense  
came to be regarded as the chief luminary  
of the French Protestant church. His  
chapel was filled every Sunday by  
attentive hearers, among whom were  
many of the most zealous thinkers of the  
day, and it diminished nothing of the at-  
traction which his works possessed. He  
often contained allusions to the poli-  
tics of the hour, with covert criticisms of  
imperial policy. M. de Pressense was  
known to be a fervent liberal, and after  
the fall of the empire he found little  
difficulty in getting returned to the National  
Assembly as member for Paris in the re-  
publican interest.

In the Assembly, M. de Pressense  
sustained his reputation as an orator, and  
his only fault is that he does not speak  
often enough. Conservatives, however,  
do not complain of this, for the matter  
of M. de Pressense's speeches is unplat-  
e to them. At a moment when a  
man durst scarcely emit an apology for  
the commune without the risk of being  
shouted at as a traitor, the Protestant  
deputy had the boldness to advocate an  
amnesty for all the humble insurgents  
of the rebellion; and before the effect  
of this speech had passed away, he had  
two others on trades-unions and on mil-  
itary recruiting, which the reactionary  
of a red radical, in his votes M. de  
Pressense has invariably been with the  
republican left, but as was proper in the  
policy of his cloth he has held aloof from  
all party cabals, and has not sought to emu-  
late his clerical antagonist, the bishop of  
Orleans, as a faction-leader or lobby-  
triguer. Possibly the congregation of the  
Taubout chapel would be glad if M. de  
Pressense renounced politics altogether,  
for, for even the most indefatigable of  
orators, there are two things perfectly to-  
gether, and since he has had legislative  
duties to engage him the author of the  
"Life of Christ" has preached less fre-  
quently than before.

The other day, one of the Detroit un-  
ion scholars called on him. "Say, Neddie, do you know that Kitty  
Harper's pa has bought a house?" "What  
is that?" "Is it a nice house?" "Great  
big brick house, with the awfulest big  
panes of glass you ever saw!" "And bay  
windows?" "No; just straight win-  
dows." "Well, that settles it," said No. 2  
as he turned away. "We have two  
bay windows on our house, and though  
Kitty is a nice girl, she can't belong to  
our set."

A boy surprised his father, the other  
day, by asking: "Father, do you like  
mother?" "Why, yes, of course." And  
she likes you?" "Of course she does."  
"Did she ever say so?" "Many a time,  
my son." "Did she marry you because  
she loved you?" "Certainly she did."  
The boy looked the old man over, and af-  
ter a long pause asked: "Well, was she  
as near-sighted then as she is now?"  
Detroit Free Press.

"Bub, is your mother in?" asked a  
Vicksburg lady, the other evening, of a  
lad of ten who was lounging over a  
wedged mother's gate. "No she's out,"  
he answered. "Gone up to visit your  
dead father's grave?" she continued.  
"Not exactly," he smiled: "she's gone  
after ice-cream with a chap who has got  
three inches of fat on his ribs, and I'll  
bet ten to one she'll halter him in less  
than a month."

A pious lady stopped praying for her  
husband, because, she said, "I have  
prayed so long without effect that I think  
the Lord has just as poor an opinion of  
that man as I have."

troop homeward with their stables—  
there you have a Protestant community.  
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tants—not because they were heretics,  
for which he cared little, but because  
they were political reformers.

An Address.

Delivered in the City of Philadelphia in Oc-  
tober, 1875, by G. W. FARMER.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

If I should offer an apology for ap-  
pearing before you this evening, and attempt-  
ing to address you, with a protest of  
diffidence, you might perhaps suspect me  
of affectation; as a dedication or a non-  
acceptance of your invitation would have  
avoided all such attempt, whether feigned  
or real. And although I confess to not  
being insensible to the compliment ex-  
tended to me, yet I assure you I feel my  
incompetency and an inability to say  
anything that can arrest the attention,  
expand the intellect, or enlighten or in-  
struct the consciences of those before me;  
for the double reason, first, that I am un-  
accustomed to addressing public meetings  
of any kind, and secondly, that the topic  
or subject we are here to consider to-  
night, has been discussed and re-discussed,  
dissected and re-dissected, and digested  
to nearly an impalpable state, as the  
chemist would say, and to an extent that  
it would seem that every thought had  
been utilized and amplified, and that no  
thought or idea could ever be brought  
into existence. If so, what is to be done, not  
to be done? Shall we unlearn? Shall  
we close our lips and cease to speak?  
Shall we let fall the right arm at our  
side; shall we stop and surrender the  
roadway of virtue to this colossal  
juggernaut of rum and iniquity, and  
discontinue bombarding that mark in its  
forehead while at every revolution of  
its ponderous and bloodstained wheels it  
is adding numbers to the millions of  
widowed, and perhaps reducing scores  
to a helpless, unprotected, and a cruel  
orphanage? If we should thus do, the  
very stones would cry out. Just so long  
as this bloody cur of intemperance is  
upon us and about us; just so long as  
this viper is emitting its poison into the  
body politic; and just so long as the  
winning gales of this sinewy death  
wind are sweeping over this fair land,  
men, just so long should the philosopher,  
the patriot, the moralist, yes, the Chris-  
tian, raise his voice trumpet-tongued,  
and give his right arm for the conflict,  
and say to this great highwayman: "Thus far,  
and no farther," and do all in our power  
to enforce the declaration.

Sir, if there be a personal devil, it  
would seem that ever since that arch de-  
mon prevailed on our maternal ancestor  
to appropriate the forbidden apple, and  
the consequent fall of our federal head, he  
has continuously been enstaring, cajoling  
and tempting the sons and daughters of  
men into all manner of forbidden and  
thorny paths, and to committing excesses  
that whelm the pathway of night, and  
sets the principles and practices of virtue  
at defiance; but, as if to cap the climax,  
his satanic majesty whispers to the yield-  
ing and unwary: "In the day thou  
drinkest thou shalt not die;" and as if  
magnified by the syren song of no dan-  
ger, and placarded by the flattering an-  
nouncement of the "new liberty," he has  
led us on by the way of the "new liberty,"  
and in most cases stumble on morally  
bankruptcy, down to the chambers of  
death. Alas! for the weak, the vacil-  
lating, and the yielding moral stamina of  
man. It would seem that if precept,  
and line upon line, were disregarded and  
set at naught, that example would at least  
claim consideration from any one of ordi-  
nary common sense and observation;  
but the reverse seems to be the rule in-  
stead of the exception. If not, why is it  
that no more take warning and "flee the  
path of the wicked," and that they are daily  
the "whorers of the world," of corrup-  
tion and respectability, and the conse-  
quent misery that environs so many heart-  
stones, and the pandemonium that has  
supplanted the once happy home, where  
the first of that household was once a  
model man, honored, respected and trust-  
ed, but now a reeling inebriate. But I  
will not attempt to describe the social  
miserable degradation by King Alcohol.  
No! of this I can paint a picture of, of  
the "new liberty," and in most cases stumble on morally  
bankruptcy, down to the chambers of  
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